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THE STORY TELLER.

The Marked Ball:

OR THE PRIVATE'S REVENGE.

BY R. PROCTOR JONES.

You look over the dark waters of foreign lands in search of romance, lend a listening ear to the deeds of Italy's Bravos, and dwell with rapture upon the legends of the old world, while you think not of the tales which could be told of the early days of young America.

How often have I, when eve had drawn her curtain o'er the face of day, wandered to some secluded spot with my aged grandsire, to hear him tell of times gone by, and watch his venerable countenance as it brightened up with all the radiance of youth, when he related some heart-enchanting legend of the Revolution.

It was a beautiful day in July, 1776, and the first beams of morning were shining sweetly upon the merdell and undulating plains of Long Island. To have looked upon that lovely scene you would have been enchanted with the dewy spranglets and sweet, modest flowers which were spread luxuriantly upon the surface, and imagined yourself in some Andalusian retreat, secure from the malignant blast of crime. But that beautiful spot was soon transformed into the theatre of a heart-rendering tragedy, and that green sward imbued with the blood of men, for preparations were being made for a military execution.

What a thrill of horror passes through our hearts, when we hear of a military execution! When we behold the brave warrior mounted on his proud steed hastening to the battle field, and the patriot grasping his musket in order to avenge his country's wrongs, we cannot wonder, although we may weep when we see their mangled bodies lying before us, for we know such is the fate of war; but to behold a soldier taken from the ranks wherein he has served, and led out in mock solemnity, to be butchered in cold blood by his comrades, the partners of his toilsome marches, and deadly conflicts, our feelings shocked, and we wonder why these who make and allow such laws are called Christians. Well may our fair land of America, as well as civilized Europe, blush when she remembers her tolerance of military execution.

Yes, the preparations for a dreadful scene had already commenced—far over that plain could be seen a long line of men, clad in the scarlet uniform of Britain, marching with a slow and measured tread. Slowly they advanced until they came to the centre of the plain, when the harsh voice of command bid the "halt!" The cheeks of the privates assumed a pallid hue, and the eyes of the officers flashed with an unsteady glare, and all awaited the result of further orders with an indescribable feeling of dismay and horrid suspense.

But it soon was heard—how direful were the words it uttered—Prisoners, prepare to meet your doom!

The condemned men advanced, and were led to an open space directly in front of the main line—fine noble looking men they were, and stood with firm and undaunted courage to meet the fire of those deadly muskets which would send the reckless bullet deep into their hearts, and lay them mangled and torn upon the sod. Still firm and fearless they were, and they betrayed no emotion as the commander commented upon their fate.

"Men," said the commander, Gen. Howe—"I hope the execution which you will shortly witness, may serve as a lesson that will never be forgotten. Painful as the duty is, it is requisite—It must be performed—law must be enforced, or else all order in the army would be set at defiance, and no officer of His Majesty's regiment would be safe from the vengeance of the infuriated private, who would consider himself aggrieved, and would cry for vengeance, only at being reproved for neglect of duty. The offences of these men are of dreadful magnitude, the leader of the revolution, Pierre Lerone, had dared to raise his hand against my respected and gentlemanly officer—Lieut. Morton, and his companions who are to suffer by his side, encouraged him in so doing. They have been tried by a court martial, composed of men of humane and charitable dispositions, and who would rather forgive than condemn, but the proof against them was too clear—justice must be done—the criminals must undergo the severe sentence, and receive what is worse than death—dishonor. Let this terrible example serve you to treat the commands of your superior officers with that respect which is due them from soldiers and men. Hear now the sentence by which these men must die. Sergeant read the law.

The Sergeant obeyed the command, and read the law in regard to the punishment of offenders. It run thus—If any soldier belonging to His Majesty's troops shall revolt, desert, or refuse to obey the commands of his superior officer, he shall be arrested and brought to trial before a court composed of military officers, and if found guilty, shall be condemned to suffer death by the musket, in presence of the regiment to which he belongs. In case he escapes the fire of the first and second platoon, he shall be free, both from punishment, and the service.

Pierre Lerone at this moment requested leave to speak, which was granted him. In a firm voice he said—

"Comrades, I have been brought here to die—to die like a dog—to die for resenting an insult given to my only child, by that tyrannical wretch, Morton. I do not grieve for myself, but my comrades who are to die with me have friends and homes far over the Atlantic, in the land of happy England, who will mourn their fate. They do not deserve death, they only said I was right in what I did; they did not urge me on to the deed. I appeal to every father who loves his child, if the action was not commendable? Who among you could see his only daughter forced to bear the base insults of any man, whether he be a superior or not. But for doing this, I am condemned to die by the laws of that country for which I have braved the storm of many a battle. Was it for this I have taken up arms against a people struggling for their liberty? Was it for this I have endured hunger, thirst, cold, and misery?—But I am prepared to die—I quail not beneath the glance of death. It will be soon over—I am ready now—see that I can die like a man. Pierre Lerone scorns and despises his accusers. Comrades farewell—Morton, remember the day of retribution."

At the conclusion of his speech, Lerone and his companions prepared themselves to receive the charge.

Morton stood pale and trembling with the still small voice whispering in his ear, "Thou art a perjured, unjust accuser and murderer. You have obtained these men's death by the bartering of your soul. Think of the future—and despair."

All was now ready for the fearful work. The word was given, the loud report of the fire from the first platoon was heard, and two of the hapless victims fell mangled and bleeding upon the soil—and ere the gloomy vapor had cleared away, the second was heard vibrating more happily through the air. Four men were there dead—murdered!—but the form of Pierre stood firm as before untouched by the deadly fire.

PIERRE LERONE WAS FREE!

By what miracle was he saved? Deadly aim had been taken at his heart by men who were noted for certain aim. The hand of Providence had reserved him to avenge the lives of his murdered comrades. Morton, wild and bewildered gazed upon him as though he was a spirit sent from the infernal world to lead his soul to the deep caverns of endless torment. He knew his doom was fixed. He trembled as he thought how vain all attempts to escape from the clenching hands of the Almighty would be. He felt as though he was the victimized child of Cruel Destiny.

Pierre stood as a man awakened from a dream and looked upon those around with surprise. Suddenly he started, and with a wild shout exclaimed, "I am saved. Thank Heaven, my dead comrades and my insulted daughter shall be avenged!" Saying he drew from his pocket a leaden ball, which he marked with his knife and carefully replaced it in his wallet. Turning to Morton with a bitter smile, he said—"Lieutenant you have tried to be revenged upon one who did not deserve your wrath. Your base conduct has availed all the deep fires of hate which were buried in my bosom. You shall feel my wrath at a future period. Farewell, but remember Pierre and his marked ball!" Bidding good-by to his old companions, he mounted a horse which stood near him, and rode rapidly away. He was soon far from the British camp, on his way to join the American forces at New Jersey.

Pierre Lerone, our hero, was an Italian. In his younger days he had danced merrily beneath the luxuriant vines of the lovely valleys of his native land. But poverty, with her clanking hand, had fallen heavily upon, and miserable, stalked into his once happy home, and drove the smiles of prosperity from his door; death robbed him of his most valuable treasure, his best friend, his wife, which loss nearly bowed him to the earth. Italy had no charms for him, so he resolved to take his only child, Frances, and depart for England. After a long and tedious journey he arrived there a forlorn stranger and a dejected man. For seven long and weary years did he toil in that famous city, the metropolis of the world, London, in order to gain a livelihood for himself and child, yet scanty and miserable was the fare poor Pierre earned by vending his plaster-of-paris casts; day after day he toiled on through the streets and alleys of this mighty thoroughfare, in spite of rain and cold, in the vain hope of becoming able to return to Italy with wealth sufficient to keep him comfortably, until he should be called to lay himself down in the grave of his forefathers. But still poverty kept him tight within her iron grasp, and Pierre Lerone was no better off than when he first set foot upon England's soil. His daughter, Frances, was now fourteen years of age, and as beautiful as nature could form her. Her father viewed her with all a parent's pride, and wished that it was in his power to make his sweet Frances more happy. She poor girl, was gentle and contented, and would set all alone in their little obscure garret, striving to earn her daily subsistence by embroidering fancy handkerchiefs for the fashionable store-keepers of West-end. At evening, when she would hear her father's footsteps upon their narrow staircase, she would bound to meet him and strive to comfort him by pouring sweet words of consolation and comfort in his ear.

At this period the war of the revolution was raging between Great Britain and the colonies of America. Upon each prominent stand of London, placards were placed inducing men to join the English army, and fight her battles in America. The inducements which were held out, were strong—lands were promised to those who would serve faithfully to the close of the war—money in any quantity to the victors when the rebels were subdued. Pierre heard the offer—he knew little of the land of America, and the people whom he was to fight against, and the hope of reaping a rich reward, induced him to come to this country as a dragoon of His Majesty's regiment. His daughter accompanied him and attended faithfully to his wants and necessities. The care and affection she evinced towards her father, gained her the admiration of all, and numerous were the smiles and kind words which were bestowed upon Frances, the lovely maiden of Italy.

Some two years after Pierre had been in the army, his regiment was ordered to join the division under the command of General Howe. In this division was the Lieutenant named Morton, a dissolute young man who belonged to a noble family, but had been forced to join the army by his father, with a view of breaking his vicious habits. He had for months noticed Frances and eagerly watched for an opportunity to address her; meeting her one evening as she was carrying some refreshments to her father, he accosted her in a familiar tone which she resented in a manner worthy the dignity of herself and sex. Although thus repulsed, he still kept persisting in his insults until she was obliged to call for assistance.

Her father after hearing of the matter, and burning with indignation, hastening to Morton's headquarters to demand satisfaction. The haughty Lieutenant treated him with contempt and imperatively ordered him to mind his business and return to his duty or he would have him punished. The proud spirit of Pierre could not brook this. The purple tinge of anger spread as a dark cloud over his olive cheek, and he seized the insult by the throat, and threw him on the ground. The noise occasioned by the scuffle alarmed the camp, and Pierre was obliged to relinquish the victim of his rage. He told the cause which prompted him to act thus, and some of the standers-by commended him for so doing. For this they were arrested and condemned to die. For this was the bloody tragedy of Long Island enacted.

On the morning of the third of January, six months after Pierre had stood a condemned man on Long Island, two armies could be seen approaching each other in the neighborhood of Princeton. They met and a deadly fire poured from the musketry, and the cannon sang the requiem of the victims of that bloody strife. Rank after rank fell from the British Legion, and the disciples of liberty were pouring down upon them with terrible slaughter. In the foremost line of the American army rode a man with a swarthy skin and dark eye. He looked long upon the ranks of the invaders, as if anxious to discover some particular object which was contained there. Suddenly that dark eye lit up with a glare of malignant fury, and he bounded off with telegraphic swiftness in that direction. A man in scarlet uniform saw him advancing and strove to fly, but the pursuer gained rapidly upon him, and he was forced to turn and defend his life. Each drew his sabre, and fought with fiendlike fury, but the dark skinned man soon unarm his opponent. Again did the vanquished one try to escape, but a ball from the pistol of his enemy laid him prostrate in the dust to be trampled under the feet of his fleeing brothers.

In the form of the dark skinned man, my readers will recognise Pierre Lerone, in that of the British officer, Lieutenant Morton. Pierre had kept his word—Morton and him had met again.

After the battle a post mortem examination was held upon the body of Morton—the ball had pierced his heart. When the surgeon drew it from the wound, a horizontal mark was found upon it. It was the ball marked by Pierre when he stood upon the plains of Long Island.

"My son," said my affectionate mother to her hopeful heir, who was in a short time to be married, "you are getting thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am, and I expect shortly that you will see my rib."

From the Chambers' Journal.

DANISH JUSTICE.

The war had broken out between England and France; Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens; and all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were going to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remained neutral in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indian; but as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew were as well regulated, and as strictly commanded as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact that of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was one beloved by the crew amongst whom he had served, and as usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom; her whole dress, which was white, was stained with his blood. With an effort Charles turned towards her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse in the arms of his wife who held him.

By this time the captain had come upon deck. He shed tears like a child—for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, so truly attached had they been to the chief mate, and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty, were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm; we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line; the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with fervent heat; and the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear, blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save a little band which encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at the moment our voice rising in prayer,

earn prayer for one we have loved, and the next the plash of the divided waters as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than any resident on shore can know a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment,) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were no longer kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand, the full powers delegated to the captain to hold court-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c., &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this, he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, seraphic, look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass the sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggle of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and writhing as he was, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings, and upon the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eyes as he was falling; it haunted me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood stains rising to the surface. No one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had inflicted.

A CAT IN A STRANGE PLACE. As the freight train on the Rochester and Auburn Railroad, stopped at the several way stations, the mewling of a puss was heard, and on reaching Fisher's an investigation was gone into, resulting in the discovery that a cat was within one of the plate wheels, which were hollow, and having three openings about the size of a man's fist. Poor puss had made her way into one of these holes before the starting of the train, and being unable to make her escape, had been carried fifteen miles—making in that direction, fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six revolutions. On being relieved from her uncomfortable position, she manifested no particular uneasiness, but took it very coolly.

Rochester Advertiser.

The latest definition for money is, a composition for taking stains out of character.

ADAPTIVE POWERS OF NATURE.

Wherever a seed can lodge, we find vegetation growing; and wherever we find digestible matter there are animals to live upon it; and the kind of food determines the organization of the creature, not resulting from it, but provided for it. The class of ruminants feed on the coarser herbage where the vegetable is in abundance, but the actual nutritious matter is small compared with the mass. There is therefore an obvious necessity for a more complex apparatus for extracting the smaller proportion of matter capable of being assimilated: hence the maceration of the first stomach; hence the regurgitation and rumination and the reception into the second and third stomach, for proper digestion in the last. Where the mass is digested, the nutritious part is still very small in proportion to the whole; and to permit that smaller portion of aliment to be absorbed and carried into the system, the intestinal canal must be long and complex, offering resistance to the rapid descent of the food, and giving it lodgement; and thus there is always a correspondence between the complication of the stomach and the length of the intestines, and between both and the nature of the food. It is further very remarkable that when animals of the same species live in different climates, where there is more or less abundance of vegetable food there is an adaptation to their digestive organs. Where it is abundant, the configuration of the intestines, which is intended to delay its descent, is less complex. Where the food is longer, and the valvular obstruction greater.—This has been observed by Sir E. Home, in comparing the cassowary of Java with the cassowary of New South Wales, and the American ostrich with the same bird inhabiting the deserts of Africa. The same comparison has been made between the Leicestershire sheep and the mountain sheep of Scotland.

We have said that it is the object of nature to support animal life, and to give the enjoyment of existence, and that whenever the means are afforded of covering a material under the processes of digestion and assimilation, there animals will be found with an apparatus of digestion adapted to the food. Nothing certainly can be more curious than the vicarious action of the stomach and mouth. We see for example, that where the bill precludes mastication in the mouth, it is performed in the gizzard; and then muscles are found in the stomach as powerful as those of the jaws and teeth; and as to the teeth or what is equivalent to them, we may say that they are continually renewed. In fact no mechanical structure of the jaws and teeth could answer the purposes of nature here; no union of bone and enamel in the teeth could have withstood the attrition of the gizzard; and one of the most beautiful and interesting appliances of nature is the substitution, through the instinct of the animal, of small stones of hard texture, generally consisting of silica, introduced within the grasp and action of this organ. It is a further proof that the mastication, if we may use the term, is more perfect in the gizzard, than where there is the most complex structure of teeth, and therefore it is the means of extracting the greater quantity of nutritious matter. Accordingly there are gizzards in most classes of animals. They are not only found in birds, but in reptiles. The sea-turtle has what is called a muscular stomach. Among fishes the mullet and the gillaroo trout have muscular stomachs.—The cuttle fish, the nautilus, and even the earth worm, have a crop and gizzard; and insects according as they live on a leaf or suck the blood, have the same difference in the internal arrangement of structure for assimilation, as that which distinguishes the ox from the lion.

[Dunham and Sir Charles Bell,

ELEGANT STARVATION. An exchange says that a thoughtless young gentleman of good family although he had spent every shilling and worn out every trace of credit, lived with a devoted partner of his poverty in a splendid villa near the Regent's Park. Jewels, books, wearing apparel, and every description of moveables, had long disappeared from his exquisite residence, to supply the common necessities of life. "Yesterday," boasted our hero to a confidential friend towards the end of his ruin, "we supped off a pair of ear-rings. The case of champagne in the coal cellar is the production of some very dry volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica.—We have dined during the past week off my dress coat; and this very day, had it not been for my polished boots, we should have been obliged to breakfast without Bolognas."

Of course these fearful privations increased till after some time they reached a climax. One day the hopeful economist returned home about dinner time in a state of famishing hunger, and entreated his lovely house-keeper to order dinner.

"Dinner!" she repeated, "there is not a scrap in the house, not an article left to procure one with!"

"Surely," exclaimed the other, snatching his forehead in despair, "something can be snatched from this wreck—I have it—we can yet avert from our countenance the horrid state of starvation. 'Tis a desperate act, but it must be done."

"What?" inquired the lady, anxiously.

"What?"—why fry the gold fish, and roast his cod-dry.

LATER NEWS FROM PARIS.

The following from our New York correspondent is dated Paris, July 15, and is probably a telegraphic despatch to a New York paper. It furnishes one day later from Paris:

The Paris papers state that there was some movement of troops to quell the riots on the 14th. If any insurrection was intended, the effectual measures of the government prevented it. Gen. Lamoriciere, when asked about the rumors of insurrection in circulation, said that all was going on well. The government has issued an authoritative statement that the rumors in La Patrie, that they fear an outbreak, are unfounded. There are evidences of a prospective quiet, and the theatres were to be re-opened on the 16th.

M. Girardin, the imprisoned Parisian editor, in a letter to his family, says that he has committed no offense, and has no defense to make. He says his patriotism was never doubted.

The National announces that the payment by the Neapolitan government of an indemnity to the Frenchman whose property was destroyed during the late insurrection in Naples, has been peremptorily demanded.

The outlaws of the Communists in the late insurrection had been published. It is a curious document.

The national assembly has decreed that all houses, the foundation of which shall be laid before January, 1849, shall be free of taxes for ten years; if by workmen, fifteen; if begun since February 24th, to be free of taxes for five years. M. Proudhon laid on the table of the assembly the project of a law for the confiscation of one third of all the property of France. Marast read a financial statement, in which it was supposed that property had declined one half to two thirds in value since the revolution. The Universe says that it has been determined to transport the insurgent prisoners either to Guayama or Marquesas. There had been a revolt among the prisoners at Embrun. After a violent contest it was put down by the national guard, with a loss of 4 killed and 80 wounded.—Traveler.

CHOLERA.—By the late news brought by the steamship Hibernia, we learn that the cholera has broken out in St. Petersburg in a violent form, invading the palaces of the rich and houses of the poor. If the fluvial theory is correct, and the fact of disease remaining in Moscow during the winter months, and now appearing at St. Petersburg is considered to be a confirmation of it, the scourge may be expected in England about next March. In Moscow the pestilence is decimating the population. In two days, (the 11th and 12th of June,) of 223 patients, 122, or more than one half, succumbed. It is affirmed, moreover, that the disease has declared itself in twenty other governments or districts in the Southern parts of the empire.—New York Path Finder.

PORTUGAL.—Southampton, July 15th, 1848. The Jupiter brings advice that a revolution is rapidly approaching. Several of the leading liberals are concealed or left Lisbon. The following are the names of the expected new ministry:—President, Saldanha; Home Affairs, Costa Cabral; Finance, Oliveira. Exchange on London was quoted, 80 days, 62 5-8; 90 days, 62 7-8.

MECHANIC FALLS.—We had occasion to pass through this village the other day, and were struck with the indications of prosperity that met our eye upon every hand. It enjoys the advantages of an excellent water-power, which is occupied at present with mills for the manufacture of lumber. These will give way in the process of time, as logs become scarce, to manufacturing establishments of various kinds, and a manufacturing town will grow up here of an small magnitude. It has all the elements for becoming such, namely, in safe and convenient water-power, an intelligent industrious, and enterprising population, and (in a few months) a railroad communication to the sea-board. Indications of present growth are seen in the numerous buildings for various purposes, that are now in process of construction, and in the general activity observable among all classes of citizens. We rejoice to see such flourishing villages as this growing up in our state.—It shows that the people of Maine are beginning to appreciate the advantages which is afforded them at home for the profitable employment of all their resources, and that there is no necessity for our young men and young women emigrating to the west for a larger theatre for the development of their enterprise than can be found within the limits of their own state.—Lewiston Falls Journal.

REDUCTION OF WAGES IN LOWELL.—It is stated that some of the manufacturing corporations in Lowell, have within a week or two, made a further reduction in the wages of their operatives, and that in consequence, a number who have homes, had quit work. The cause assigned for the reduction is, that the companies cannot sell their goods for a profit in the present state of affairs, and that their warehouses in Boston are filled to overflowing.—Boston Traveler.

FROST RITS.—Capt. Treadwell, of the bark Lucia Maria, arrived at this port yesterday from Rio de Janeiro, which place he left on the 11th June. Business at Rio was dull, owing principally to the political state of Europe. Considerable orders had been received from the continent for coffee, but the difficulty of negotiating bills was so great as to render it impossible to execute them. Our minister at the court of Brazil, Mr. Todd, had rendered himself quite popular by the able manner in which he executes his duties, and has succeeded in placing the friendly relations of the two countries of a firm footing.—Lewiston Falls Journal.

DEFINITION OF FREE SOIL. It removes mortgages from real estate. [Bangor Dem.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 8, 1848.

Democratic Republican Nominations.



ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOV. 7.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. LEWIS CASS,
OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER,
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS,
HUGH J. ANDERSON, of Belfast,
RUFUS MCINTIRE, of Parsonsfield.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. DANA.

Senatorial District.

The Democratic Republicans of Oxford Senatorial District are requested to meet, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE, in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to nominate THREE SENATORS for said District, and to transact any other business pertaining to said District.

June 24, 1848. Per order of Committee.

County Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of Oxford County are requested to meet, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE, in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to select candidates for COUNTY OFFICERS, and to transact any other business that may come before the Convention.

June 24, 1848. Per order of Co. Committee.

Congressional Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of the Oxford towns belonging to the First Congressional District are hereby requested to meet, in Convention, at Saxeby Village, on WEDNESDAY, the 23d of AUGUST next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the next Congress. Also, to nominate a candidate for Elector of President and Vice President of the United States to be supported by the Democratic Republicans of said District at the ensuing election.

Towns are requested to send the usual number of Delegates.

Per Order of the District Committee.

June 20, 1848.

Caucus.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the town of Paris are hereby notified to assemble at the Town House on SATURDAY, the 19th day of AUGUST, inst., at five o'clock P. M. for the purpose of selecting four Delegates to attend the Senatorial and County Conventions to be held at Paris on the 24th inst., and to transact any other business that may properly come before them.

By order of the Town Committee.

August 18, 1848.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

In our last number we copied a well written article from the Eastern Times, upon the re-nomination of Hon. Franklin Clark, for Congress. We copied the article not only that it appeared in the Times, which is an able paper and published at Bath in this District, but that we fully concur in the just praise bestowed upon Mr. Clark, as an upright, faithful and intelligent democrat, and Member of Congress, nor will we in any event allow ourselves to pursue a course in any way tending to create schism, or division in the democratic ranks. But we could not if we would disguise the fact that there exists a deep, and so far as we know, universal feeling in the Oxford portion of our District that as a matter of common justice the selection of a candidate for the coming election belongs to this and not the Lincoln portion of the District, and that Lincoln should by vote of its convention, to be held at Wiscasset, on the 23d inst., yield the same to us.

We learn that the Committee for this portion of the District, as the organ of the party here, felt it their duty to make a formal request to the Democracy of Lincoln to transfer the nomination which they, through their committee, have proposed to make to this section.

That such request is in accordance with the entire voice of our friends here, we have no doubt, and if our brethren in Lincoln will take the subject-matter into consideration in all its bearings, we fully believe their sense of justice, as well as their attachment to Democratic principles, and their anxiety for their success, will at once lead them to the conclusion that such request should be granted.

We forbear, at this time, going into the various reasons that have brought about this conviction upon the public mind, for we feel it would be but a recitation of what every intelligent Democrat in this section has thought of, and talked about.

It may be urged that the time is too short from the Wiscasset Convention to the day of election, to make all necessary arrangements. In answer to that we say we could do nothing earlier, and that we, for our part, are the sufferers; though when we take into consideration that our portion of the territory is comparatively small and that it is a question which has been much thought of by our people, we must come to the conclusion that the time is sufficient for the concentration of public opinion, which is all that is desirable.

We close this short article by reiterating that in no event will we encourage any division of our friends upon this important question. Our rights we would manfully ask for, but should be overruled by the voice of a majority of our

friends we acquiesce, and in that case our effort shall be to concentrate the entire democracy of the whole District upon the nominee of the party, regardless of the section to which he belongs, and should our friends in Lincoln deny us, what we in common with the democracy of the Oxford towns believe justly belongs to us, we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to satisfy our friends that we should endure the wrong for fear of the vastly greater evil that would follow.

MR. VAN BUREN.

Mr. Van Buren, in his reply to a request that he would consent to be a candidate for the Presidency in 1844, says,

"The most appropriate as well as the most useful exertion which can be made at this time by our friends, is in adopting the best measures and means in their power for the explanation and diffusion of their principles, the detection of federalism, and the dissemination of truth among the great body of the people."

The above quotation is no more true before a candidate is nominated than after; no more appropriate when Mr. Van Buren is the nominee than when some other democrat is. But, is the course now being pursued by him calculated to detect federalism, "falsehoods," and disseminate Democratic "truth?"

Mr. Van Buren has often condemned federalism, as doubting the capacity of the people for self-government, opposed to the right of suffrage, monopolizing the rights of the many for the benefit of the few, and as relying upon "falsehood and deception" for success, and hence he would "prevent the whigs from fixing upon the country a wasteful and oppressive system of measures, and if they succeed, overthrow them." But will he be likely, by becoming a leader of many avowed federalists and a few disaffected democrats, to prevent the success of the whigs; and aid in "the detection" of their falsehoods, and in "the dissemination of democratic truth," and retain the confidence and "grateful remembrance" of the democratic party, which, when retiring to private life, he pretended "afforded him more real satisfaction than the possession of office can bestow."

On the other hand, where is the consistency of the federalists supporting Van Buren, if they have spoken the truth of him in the past, and he has not changed as they aver. They spoke of Jackson as "a man whose political sway has been nothing less than a series of misadventures, blunders, and mistakes," whose "brains were a perpetual fog of ignorance," and of Van Buren as "pledged to follow in his footsteps."

A federal print says, "Mr. Van Buren can never free himself from the guilt of having organized a force of office-holders against the people."

Another print of the "same sort" speaking of Van Buren, and those that held important offices under him, said, "Verily, we have a precious set of scoundrels for rulers in this country, and that is the truth." Again, because he did not turn out certain office holders in Washington, they defied him and his "democratic sect" to put them out.

But how is it now, notwithstanding Van Buren has not changed? Why, it seems they would have him lead them on in another "series" of "blunders and misadventures," in "the fog of ignorance," and "organize" from them another "force" of office-holders against the people; that we may again have "a precious set of scoundrels as rulers in this country," made up of the very "scum" of federalism.

But it is said they must go for Van Buren to put down the party favorable to the extension of slavery. Yes, and to do this, they must take "the great Northern 'Doe-face,'" who, they say, in his Inaugural Address, sympathized with Southern Slave-holders, and afterwards approved the abominable Bill prohibiting the circulation of Abolition papers by mail in the Slave States. Very consistent that.

But what do they expect to gain? Nothing. They are a set of disappointed politicians, and their whole aim is to defeat Cass,—having always been defeated in open field and fair play; they now, like the Mexicans, split up and form guerrilla parties, to gratify their feelings of revenge. They claim to be the free soil party, and would have the people believe that they are the only party opposed to the extension of slavery. But Mr. Cass has as much sympathy for the slave as Mr. Van Buren, or his followers. True, Mr. Cass is interested in the welfare of the South, but he would also have an eye to the true interest of the North. Away then with the party that looks only to the interest of a particular section of the Union. The good of the WHOLE UNION is the end of EVERY PARTY OF THE UNION.

Mr. Cass is a free soil man—so are the democrats almost universally in the free States.—What then have democrats to gain by joining a party based on a mere collateral issue, a question, not between the two great leading parties, but between the North and the South. The pretended free soil party is based on the single question of free soil, and when that is settled, the party, as such, must cease to exist, and as their existence depends upon the non-settlement of the question, they will be sure to oppose every proposition for its amicable settlement.

Every Democrat, then, that would have an early settlement of the question in relation to free territory, so as to secure the interest not of the North alone, but of the South, and of the whole Union, to be consistent, must adhere to the Democratic party, that approves of the free soil doctrine, and is also identified with all the great Republican measures of our Government, and vote for LEWIS CASS. Do this, and you not only secure all that the Van Buren federal faction pretend to desire, but you save our happy Republic from Taylor confusion and whig misrule.

Self esteem is often punished by universal contempt.

GEN. TAYLOR'S ACCEPTANCE.

After a long time, the much expected curiosity, General Taylor's letter of acceptance, has made its appearance, and been published. It is a curiosity, as our readers will see for themselves, and there are some curious circumstances connected with its late appearance.

It appears that Governor Morehead, President of the Philadelphia Convention, upon whom devolved the duty of informing General Taylor of his nomination for the Presidency by that Convention, mailed a letter at Philadelphia, on the 9th of June last, to General Taylor's address, but did not pay the postage! Consequently, when the letter arrived at Baton Rouge, it was refused by the doughty old hero, and the letter, with some forty-seven others, postage unpaid, was returned to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, by the Postmaster at Baton Rouge. After the old General found what important news he had refused, because it would cost him a dime! he requested the Post Office Department to return to Baton Rouge all letters to his address mailed at Philadelphia within a given time. They were consequently returned, and below we give his answer to the Taylor Whigs, accepting their nomination, thus playing the "Artful Dodger" to perfection; for in all his letters he has steadily refused to be the candidate of a party, but by this acceptance he does pledge himself, if elected, to carry out federal principles and federal measures.

BATON ROUGE, July 15, 1848.

SIR:—I have the honor to receive your communication of June 10th, announcing that the WHIG CONVENTION, which assembled at Philadelphia on the 7th of that month, and which you were the presiding officer, has nominated me for the office of President of the United States. Looking to the COMPOSITION OF THE CONVENTION, and its numerous patriotic constituents, I feel deeply grateful for the honor bestowed upon me, for the distinguished confidence implied in my nomination to the highest office in the gift of the American people. I cordially accept that nomination, but with the sincere distrust of my fitness to fulfil the duties of an office which demand for its exercise the most exalted abilities and patriotism, and which has been rendered illustrious by the greatest names in our history. But should the selection of the whig convention be confirmed by the people, I shall endeavor to discharge the new duties devolving upon me, so as to meet the expectations of my fellow citizens, and preserve undiminished the prosperity and reputation of our common country.

I have the honor to remain,

With the highest respect,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

Hon. JOHN MOREHEAD,

Greensboro', N. C.

This letter was dated July 15. Now read the following dated as late as June 26, in answer to the Resolutions of the Young Men's Independent party Taylor Convention, held in Philadelphia, on the 20th of May, 1848:

BATON ROUGE, La., June 26, 1848.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 22d ult., enclosing a copy of the proceedings of the Young Men's Taylor Convention, held in Philadelphia, on the 20th ultimo.

For the distinguished mark of confidence reposed in me by thus nominating me for the Presidency, be pleased to offer them my profound acknowledgments, and to inform them, that their nomination is gratefully accepted.

With great respect, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

Mr. J. H. BRYANT, Secretary, &c., Philadelphia.

The following were among the resolutions passed:

Whereas, The country has suffered enough from the election of party Presidents, and the people are demanding with one acclaim, a President of the country, and not a President of a party. Therefore,

Resolved, That as Young men and voters, we have associated ourselves together, without distinction of party, for the purpose of promoting the election of Gen. Zachary Taylor as President of the United States.

Now read the following extracts from his published letters—columns of which to the same import, might be given if necessary.

From a letter he had written to Dr. Bronson:—"If I were called to the presidential chair by the general voice of the people, without regard to their political differences, I should deem it my duty to accept the office." * * * "I cannot in any case permit myself to be brought before the people exclusively by any of the political parties that now so unfortunately divide our country as their candidate for this office."

To Col. Mitchell he said:—"If the whig party desire, at the next presidential election, to cast their votes for me, they must do it on their own responsibility, and without any pledges from me."

To P. S. Smith he had said:—"I do not desire the presidency, and only yield this for my assent to be considered a candidate in the same proposition in which it is desired by the people, irrespective of party."

Notwithstanding all these pledges and positive declarations, we now have his letter of acceptance as the candidate of the Whig party, thus making himself the recognized standard-bearer of the Hartford Convention Federalists, the United States Bank men, the Cottonocracy, and the Protective Tariff men, say, the candidate of the very men who recommended the Mexicans to give him a "hospitality grave." He has thus thrown himself "neck and heels," into the hands of men as unscrupulous and unprincipled as were those who had the control of General Harrison in 1840, and, like old "Tippecanoe," will be but a tool with which to accomplish their selfish ends, if elected, which God forbid.

THE FREE SOIL QUESTION. The Bangor Democrat, of week before last, has an article on this subject, and deprecating the movement of the "Free Soil" party, as calculated, in the end, to doom free-territory to slavery. It is of opinion that this party will defeat their own professed objects, by resulting in the extension of the Missouri Compromise; and thinks that the interests of Freedom may be more surely promoted by leaving the question to the people of the territories, according to the views of General Cass.

We extract the following portion of the article, and recommend it to the consideration of our readers, as in accordance with the true democratic doctrine.

"We are altogether in favor of free soil and opposed to the extension of slavery, and exceedingly regret to see men professing to entertain the same views and to be all absorbed in the question, pursuing a course to DOOM FREE TERRITORY TO SLAVERY. We also think the compromises of the constitution should be observed and its letter and spirit carried out in good faith regardless of sectional considerations or the wishes and purposes of ultraists of the south and of the north. How much better it would be for the tranquility of the public mind and the progress of true liberty and free soil principles, for all the ultraists from the great parties to take the constitutional and truly democratic ground of Gen. Cass. that the inhabitants of the territories are the only proper persons to decide the character of the government of the States to be there erected. This is in accordance with the great principles of self-government; and also with the design of the framers of the constitution to leave the people at perfect liberty to act as they please in regard to their local institutions. It is eminently democratic, and it therefore opposed by Federalism and Faction in all their various forms."

The FREE SOIL CONVENTION held in Portland week before last, was attended, as we learn, mostly by whigs and abolitionists. A good portion of the speakers declared themselves Henry Clay whigs, and disgusted with the course of their party in nominating General Taylor. But one democrat, so far as we have heard, was among the speakers, and he spoke, he said only to have it reported that one democrat took an active part in the meeting. The speakers were very severe on the whig party. The convention appointed seventeen delegates to the Buffalo Convention, being about equal number from the whig, abolition and democratic parties.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS. The States of Tennessee and North Carolina held their elections on the 3d, and the States of Alabama, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, will hold theirs on the 7th of August. Notwithstanding the Taylor enthusiasm all evidenced in this city, says the Pennsylvanian, on the famous four days in June, leaving the supply for the country at large very languishing and low, the democracy in the States alluded to have caught none of the sleepy contagion which seems to have seized upon their opponents since the defeat of Clay. And if the result does not show that Gen. Taylor is not destined to carry off the electoral votes of the Union, in a blaze of glory, we are more mistaken than ever we were in our lives.

THE COMPROMISE BILL, an abstract of which we gave two weeks ago, passed the Senate the 27th ult., by a vote of 33 to 22. In the House, after some debate, it was laid upon the table, by a vote of 112 to 99, a motion to reconsider was lost. The vote was neither a party or a sectional vote.

On the 2d inst., the House passed the bill establishing a territorial government for Oregon by a vote of yeas 129, nays 71. The Wilcox proviso clause was adopted—yeas 114, nays 84. The bill provides a separate government for Oregon, and leaves the other territories to be legislated for, at a more fitting opportunity.

PORTLAND LOAN BILL. The Bill authorizing the city of Portland to loan its credit for one million of dollars, for the purpose of constructing the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, passed both branches of the Legislature on Tuesday last, and was approved by the Governor on the same day.

John Van Buren, Prince John, as he is more generally called, is getting to be very modest, very. He has withdrawn from the political canvass, assigning as his reason, "personal delicacy." The nomination of his father by the "Free Soil" Convention has rendered it improper for him to take any further part in the canvass.

The Richmond Enquirer says:—"Ex-President Tyler, who has well deserved the appellation of 'Old Veto,' will not support a man who is ready to emasculate the Constitution of the veto power. Mr. Tyler is in favor of the election of Cass and Butler."

The Albany, Georgia, Whig, Taylor paper, says:—"A portion of the new territory belongs to the south, and we will have it, or be buried under it."

How does that compare with the assertions of the "Free Soil" Taylor papers of the North?

ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD. Last Tuesday, the stockholders of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad met at the City Hall for the choice of Directors, &c.

The following gentlemen constitute the Board for the current year:—Thomas Hammond, John Anderson, Eliphalet Greely, Josiah S. Little, St. John Smith, James L. Farmer, John B. Brown, Ezra P. Neal, John H. Poor, Wm. P. Fessenden, John Mussey, Charles Q. Chapp and Thomas Crocker.

For the Democrat. PARTY ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Editor.—The influence of party association upon the principles and conduct of individuals, and upon the perpetuity and stability of all free governments, has, during all time, been marked with an indelibility too strong to be obliterated. This principle, derived from history, inculcates a lesson which should guide every man in his political conduct. To lose sight of it, is to abandon a safe for an unsafe cause, and wreck the political fame of a State on bitter personal and party conflicts.

The principle which cements most governments, at their origin, is that of safety and self-preservation. Small communities in ancient, as well as modern times, have risen to power, wealth, and respectability, by a union of influence, and by a universal desire for their own preservation, or a fear of its loss. Such was the case with Greece, Rome, and in an eminent degree with our own Republic. And these countries, at the origin of their existence, been cut-up into parties, and nearly equally divided by different leaders, they must have fallen at the outset by the weight of their own dissensions.

When the conflicts which mark the origin of governments are passed, and a nation begins to merge from weakness, the people, at least many of them, overlook and neglect the great first cause of their power and opulence. It would be an interesting inquiry at the present time to ascertain whether or not this was the case with the citizens of this Republic. No man can deny that the principle of self-preservation, strengthened and promoted by fraternal interests, was the cause of American Independence. No man can doubt that this was the principle which triumphed in the American Revolution. Nor can any man doubt that if we had had at that time a host of parties, as we have now, such as a Free Soil Party—a Native American Party—an Anti-Slavery Party—an Abolition Party, &c., &c., this country would at this moment have been under the yoke of British bondage—another Ireland—a scene of haughty tyranny, oppression and despair.

My object in writing you, Mr. Editor, was to point out the one great and important fact, that the citizens of this Republic should often recur to their origin—to first principles in forming their party associations. It is a great political truth, which no man, no citizen has a right to disregard, that no individual can with safety unite himself with a great political party unless it is truly National in its character. This truth should never be forgotten. No zeal for the promotion of a temporary good, or for the eradication of a supposed evil, should betray or set aside this great principle, and no young man who truly desires to promote the great interests and glory of the country, should form his party associations without strict adherence to its teachings.

What, then, is a National Party, and who are those who have led and supported such a party from the origin of this government? A National Party is one that desires the happiness and true interests of the whole people of this Republic; that would mete out justice impartially to all its citizens; that would legislate for the good of all; that would secure to all their rights, and adhere strictly to all the obligations entered into at the origin of its independence. The men who have led and promoted such doctrines as these ever since the dawn of Independence, are such as WASHINGTON, PATRICK HENRY, JEFFERSON, MADISON, JACKSON, and a host of others, both ancient and modern, too numerous to mention. Who, yes, who does not venerate and praise these men? Where now, I would ask, is the false Republican, who, though once their traducers, does not stand before them with awe-stricken reverence, with hosannas on his tongue and confession in his heart? Accuse these men of what you please—call them, or any of them, murderers, blood-thirsty and blood-stained heroes—Infidels—or what you please (for all their names were blackened in other days by envy and party animosity,) but never accuse them of forsaking their country, or of any part of their country, to follow the phantoms of anti-Masonry, Abolitionism, Nativism, and Sectional Partyism. Washington an Abolitionist!—an Anti-Mason!—a Native American! JEFFERSON an Abolitionist!—a Sectionalist!—a Native! A great Statesman—an American—a Native!—an Abolitionist merely! Disgraceful sounds, that should never soil a patriot's lips, or be sanctioned by American tongues. They are all the creatures of a day—the butterflies of the hour. They live, as all history proves, only in the moonshine of misguided zeal and unbalanced sympathy—partaking of neither judgment or candor.

To young men I would say: be cautious how you form your party associations. Seek and support that party which is National in its character; that party which seeks to unite and fraternize the North and the South—the East and the West; and harmonize all its true and important interests. The present Democratic Party is now and ever has been, the true National Party; and I am happy to say that this Government has been administered under its auspices nearly all the time since its formation. WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, JACKSON and POLK, are, and have been for a long succession of years, the true standard-bearers of a National Party. CASS, BENTON, WOODBURY, ALLEN, BUTLER, DIX and a host of others of the same kind, are now the Representatives of a National Party.

But some one says, "These men are not Free Soil men." I grant it. They are not simply Free Soil men and nothing else—regardless of all other political principles. But they are as much Free Soil men as men ought to be; and as Statesmen, sworn to obey the high behests of the Constitution, they are as much Free Soil

Many of our great men have sprung from the humblest origin, as the lark, whose heat is up to the ground, soars herself nearest to heaven. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful mental expansion, and the early frowns of fortune the security for her final smile.

ACADEMY BURST. We learn from the St. Democrat that the Thornton Academy of that town, was burnt on the night of the 30th ult. No insurance. Supposed to be the work of incendiary as no fire had been used in the school room.

The cultivation of the Grape, with a view to the manufacture of Wine, is engaging the attention of the people of Missouri. The wine produced is of the flavor and color of champagne, but possesses more body.

Cassius M. Clay is reasoning in the New York Tribune with "dear Greeley" to show him *where* and wherefore *he* should go for Taylor. He says:

"The pledges made never again to vote for slaveholders, I regard as short-sighted. We trammel ourselves that the enemy may conquer."

Fashionable Millinery.
MRS. E. W. GOODNOV
RESPECTFULLY informs her old customers and the public generally, that she has received a good assortment of fashionable
STRAW, SILK, MOURNING, & FANCY HATS,
BONNETS,
 —AND—
CAPS, RIBBONS, LACES, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c. &c.
 Orders from a distance, (as usual,) punctually attended to.
 Norrey Village, June 1, 1848.

EDWARD HEARNE, Executor of the late Will and Testament of *videlic* **Boaz**, late Governor in said county, deceased, having presented and accounted of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

And the said Court, the said Executor petitioning for an order to be published at three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that such may appear at the Public Court to be held at the Court House, on the fourth Tuesday of August, next, for the purpose of the said Court, to show cause why they, or any of them, should not be allowed.

At Test. GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

Wool will be received in exchange for work.
Cloths received and returned to the following
persons, each of expense, viz.:
Dennis Mosseaux, Lowell; L. C. Barswell, Freebore;
A. Graver, Bethel Hill; Lovell & French, Abolton;
John Hild, Waterford; A. M. Nelson, Bridgton;
C. Bolter, Rumford; J. A. Tolson, Summer.
South Paris, May 20, 1845. W. A.

Prints.

100 PICES PRINTS from 3 to 4 to 10 cents
per yard, for sale by
A. C. DENISON & Co.
Norway, April 20, 1845. E. A.

2 CASES SUPERIOR FRENCH MOLE S.
1847S, for sale cheap, by
Norway, May 1, 1845. A. C. DENISON & Co.

THUS, my wife, ELIZABETH, refused to live with me, and to provide and have the five dollars worth of property which she is entitled to—it being severely taken away—and the charge of it by Mr. James Bicknell, she did not say it—and having left my house and home, I have no means of knowing or trusting her, and as I shall not pay cent of her contracting debts, this date.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE
Sunner, July 17th, 1846. *1846

Notice.
WHEREAS, my wife, ELIZABETH, has left my bed and board, without any just cause, and refused to live with me, and as all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

HIRAM OLDHAM,
Per, July 18th, 1846.

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11

POETRY.

CASS AND BUTLER.

HEROES GREAT!

Tune—Dandy Jim.

The federalists with hopes elate,
Say they can carry New York State;
But when the work they come to try,
They'll find their calculation high!
For firmly hand in hand we'll go,
And strike a Democratic blow;
And Cass and Butler, heroes great,
Will triumph in the "Empire State!"

In South Carolina, they pretend
To recognize a federal friend;
But when her glorious voice is heard,
They'll find only "hope deferred!"
And Mississippi's noble vale,
Will answer her from hill and dale;
And Cass and Butler, heroes great,
Will sweep the old "Palmetto State!"

Old Massachusetts will not stand,
The trick that Taylor's friends have planned
To hitch her to a soldier's name,
[ed.]
Despite the "gallant Harry's" fame—
So in the East we'll run them hard,
Since principles they disregard;
And Cass and Butler, heroes great,
Will triumph in the "Old Bay State!"

And in Ohio, coons will find
That democrats are much inclined
To give them such a drubbing there,
That they will die in deep despair;
For all good hardy pioneers,
Send up loud Democratic cheers;
And Cass and Butler, heroes great,
Will triumph in the "Buckeye State!"

And every other State is true,
Excepting, always one or two,
Whose abolition fancy craves
Amalgamation with the Slave!
In these we find whig doctrines right,
Exhibited in black and white;
And Cass and Butler, heroes great,
With them cannot amalgamate!

In North or South, East or West,
The federal coons will find no rest;
And Taylor must, though brave he be,
Surrender to Democracy!
For with unbroken front we'll go,
And strike a proud, victorious blow;
And Cass and Butler, heroes great,
Columbia's name will elevate!

Then Democrats, all, go to work
Let none outside the rampant lark
And when the glorious battle's won,
Adjourn to meet at Washington!
And there let cheer on cheer arise,
Until the echoes reach the skies;
As Cass and Butler, heroes great,
Command the Nation's ship of State!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HINT TO AMUSEMENTS DENOUNCERS.
There are people who would say, "Labor is not
all; we do not object to the cessation of labor
—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we
fear the lightness and vanity of what you call
recreation." Do those people take heed of the
swiftness of thought of the impatience of thought?
What will the great mass of people be thinking
of if they are taught to shun amusements and the
thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left
open to them, they will think of that; if not sen-
suality, then avarice and greed. People who
have had nothing else to amuse them, have
been very apt to indulge themselves in the ex-
citement of prosecuting their fellow-creatures.
Our nation, the northern part especially, is
given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dul-
ness. To be sure, dullness and solid vice are
apt to go hand in hand; but then, according to
our notions, dullness is in itself not so good a
thing. Now, if ever a people require to be
amused, it is our sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons—
Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to
peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate
that for months together, would frown away
mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy
thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there was
a people who should avoid increasing their dull-
ness by all work and no play, we are that people.
'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart,
'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what
nation Froissart was speaking. [Friends in
Council.

A MOTHER. There is something in sickness
that breaks down the pride of manhood; that
softens the heart, and brings it back to the feel-
ings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even
in advanced life, in sickness and despondency
—who that has pined in a weary bed, in the
neglect and loneliness, of a foreign land—but
has thought of the mother that looked on his
childhood, that smoothed down his pillow and
administered to his helplessness? O! there is an
endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to
her son, that transcends all other affections of
the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfish-
ness, nor damped by danger, nor weakened by
worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She
will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience;
she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoy-
ment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in
his prosperity; and if adversity overtakes him,
he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if
disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and
cherish him; and if all the world cast him off,
she will be all the world to him.

Hacker, of the Pleasure Boat, in speak-
ing of August, says—There are two lunatic
asylums—one on the western side of the river
called the State House, where demented dona-
gogues receive a high price for enacting laws to
crush humanity; and one on the eastern side
called the Lunatic Hospital, where crushed hu-
manity pays a high price for being partially re-
stored.

THE GRAVE OF PATRICK HENRY.

A recent occasion of deep and delicate inter-
est to a friend, afforded us an opportunity of
visiting the spot where lies "all of genius that
can perish." A small plank enclosure, a clump
of cherry trees, and two white flint rocks, nearly
overgrown by running box, mark the earthcham-
ber of one of time's most wonderful works. On-
ward still in liquid splendor flows his own loved
Staunton—still upward from its banks, with
gentle undulation, swells his beautiful Red Hill,
yet are to be seen bending to the breeze the locusts,
in whose shade he sat or walked in com-
mune familiar with Godlike thoughts—there are
to be seen the chair in which he died, and the
staff on which he leaned when the hand of
death was upon him; but the spirit which will
forever hallow them has gone, and left no peer
on earth. The bright orb of his genius has set
forever, but the horizon is still radiant with its
beams: though no monument marble or stone
marks the spot of his sepulcher, the robes of im-
mortal mind are not wanting in his mem-
ory. The burning words with which, "as
a live coal from the altar," he kindled the
hearts of millions, are still syllabled by free-
dom's votaries throughout the world. The glo-
rious and beneficent fruits of that revolution, to
which he gave the first impulse, constitute the
majestic and enduring monuments of his re-
nown.

To old Charlotte belongs the honor of inur-
ing the ashes of two of the most remarkable
men and greatest orators of any age or land.
Within a few hours ride is the grave of John
Randolph of Roanoke. Once only they met—
it was the last speech of Henry, and the first of
Randolph. Tradition still preserves some of
the particulars of that memorable encounter.
The sun of Henry was going down in splendor;
that of Randolph was dawning in the Orient—
giving promise that the firmament of eloquence
should lose no light. Like Chatham and Mir-
abeau, the fame of their eloquence is tradition-
ary—the few written speeches that are left fur-
nish no adequate idea of their powers. The one
by his sublime and fervid eloquence stirred the
heart of a great nation to its inmost depths and
nerved its arm to strike for liberty or death;
the other, by the exhibition of all that was in-
tense in thought, dazzling in expression, wit,
irony and pathos, exercised a mighty influence
upon the destinies of parties—caused himself to
be felt as a power in the councils of his country,
where "vanquished Senates trembled at his
praised." In life, they were kindred in genius
—in death, they sleep undivided by distance—
in immortality they are twin brothers.

LORENZO DOW.

A shaker friend at Hancock told us recently
that he saw Lorenzo Dow "walking among the
tombs," alone and muttering to himself, early
one morning, in the principal graveyard of a
village in Connecticut. He soon collected a
great number of lookers-on, when he mounted
the stone wall and exclaimed in his peculiar
voice: "One year from this day I shall preach
on this spot at six o'clock in the morning. And
I want you to know that when I say six I mean
six; not seven or eight." Of course the news
of this appointment soon spread through all
the region of country round about. Just twelve
months from that day, at precisely six in the
morning, and in presence of more than twenty
thousand people, Lorenzo rose from the long
rank grass of the graveyard, where he had been
sleeping, mounted the wall, and preached a fan-
tastic, quaint, yet eloquent discourse, "which
will never be forgotten," said our informant,
"by any who heard it." Knickerbocker.

SANDER SUGAR. A villainous practice is
growing up, of adulterating sugar with fine sand.
In some cases the quantity of sand is so minute
in a pound of sugar, that it excites very little re-
mark, but dissolving a small quantity of the sug-
ar in a tumbler of water, the extent of the
fraud will readily be detected. It is asserted
that some wretches use glass instead of sand—
Glass is a deadly poison, in such cases, as it in-
creases the stomach and the alimentary passa-
ges, and gradually produces death. We advise
our readers to examine sugar before buying it.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY. Aquoforts and
the air we breathe are made of the same mate-
rials. Limes and sugar, and spirits of wine, are
so much alike in their chemical composition, that
an old shirt can be converted into its own
weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of
wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of
which is the cause of almost all combinations of
burning, and the other will burn with more rap-
idity than any thing in nature. The famous
Persian bark, so much used to strengthen stom-
achs, and poisonous principle of opium are
found of the same materials. Scientific Ameri-
can.

SOMETHING OF A CURIOSITY. A short
time ago, there was found at Kittingham, Arm-
strong Co., Pa., a gun barrel in the trunk of a
hemlock tree, nearly horizontal, and almost
grown in. The barrel was a little more than
three feet in length. It had a square breech
and fluted to the muzzle which is also what is
called "bell-muzzle"—differing from any style of
gun now in use, or which has been used within
the recollection of the "oldest inhabitants." It
had the appearance of being an elegantly finish-
ed article, its sights being gold, and breech-
pin pure silver. How it came there, and how long
it has been there are the questions which elicit
solution. It must have been left there before
the tree commenced its growth; but how long
before or by whom no one can tell. The age of
the tree, judging from the number of grains in
it, on either side of the heart, is 110 years old,
and yet strange to say, the gun bore but very
slight evidences of rust or decay. When found
the breech was just above the surface of the
ground, and the muzzle slightly embedded in
the earth. It was loaded with a ball.

America has become the house of refuge
for the persecuted and pursued of all nations.
To our star and banner the eyes of the old
world revolutionist is turned; to our example
he points, and when driven too closely, our free
soil gives him shelter, our laws protect him, and
our institutions enable him with more than the
usurped dignities of tyrant kings and emperors
lords. America, glorious country! on thy shores
a man is no longer a serf, a starveling, but a
proud and aspiring soul, to which the loftiest
honors and accomplishments are easy. May it
ever be thus, while the earth, the sea, and the
heavens last—while there is a human race to es-
cape from bondage, and enjoy the blissful light
of freedom.

A man of polite imagination is led into a
great many pleasures, that the vulgar are not
capable of receiving. He can converse with a
picture; and find an agreeable companion in a
statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in
a description and often feels a greater satisfac-
tion in the prospect of fields and meadows than
another does in the possession. It gives him in-
stead, a kind of property in everything he sees,
and makes the most rude, uncultivated part of
nature administer to it as it were in another
light and discovers in it a multitude of charms
that conceal themselves from the generality of
mankind.

A LARGE ONION. 'Do you call them large
turnips?'
'Why, yes, they are considerably large.'
'They may be so for turnips, but they are
nothing to an onion I saw the other day.'
'And how large was the onion?'
'Oh, a monster, it weighed forty pounds.'
'Forty pounds?'
'Yes, and we took off the layers, and the six-
teenth layer went completely round a demijohn
that held four gallons.'

'What a whopper?'
'You don't mean to say that I lie?'
'Oh no; what a whopper of an onion I
mean.'

A boy at the Latin school in Philadelphia, in
reciting a lesson in the classics, the other day,
gave the passage "Pompeius clam et nocte, Cesar
palam et interdiu," the following bold and
spirited rendering: "Pompey ate clams by
night, Cesar by the painful and in the day-
time." We need not say the worthy teacher
fainted.

'Well, Sembo have you got a good place?'
'Oh, yes, tank de missus lib very fine now.'
'What did you have for breakfast this morning?'
'Why d'ye see, massa bile tree eggs for herself
and gib me de broff.'

Gen. Putnam asked Gen. Washington, once,
which was worst, to swear, thinking no evil, or
to pray, thinking no good? The General's reply
is not given.

No man is master of himself, so long as he
is a slave to anything else.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

South Paris.

—AND—

J. G. ROUNDS & CO.

HAVING taken and refitted the BRICK
STORE, formerly occupied by A. HALL, are
now opening a large assortment of
English, French & American
DRY GOODS
Hard Ware, Nails, Glass,
Molasses, Salt, Fish, Lime, Plaster,
Flour, &c. &c.

These Goods were bought for cash and being de-
termined to do business on the

Ready Pay Principle,
we flatter ourselves that we can offer our goods to
those who may favor us with a call at prices so ac-
ceptable that they will be induced to purchase.
We would respectfully invite Mr. Hall's former
customers and the public generally to call and ex-
amine for themselves.

Wanted,
Oats, Beans, Corn, Rye, Peas, Butter, Cheese, Eggs,
Sausages, Clayboards, &c. &c.
J. G. ROUNDS,
A. C. DENISON,
C. P. TRUE.

South Paris, May 14th, 1845.

WM. M. GUSHMAN,
MAIN STREET, NORWAY VILLAGE.

DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry and Fancy Goods,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Is receiving from the city from time to time
New Goods,

of superior quality, which he will sell as CHEAP
as can be brought in Portland or Boston,
as he buys all his goods
EXCEEDINGLY LOW,
and
SELLS THEM
with a very little advance,
AT COST.

He has just received an assortment of Gold and
SILVER LEVER, L'EPINE, and common
WATCHES;
BRASS AND WOODEN CLOCKS;
SPECTACLES, KNIVES, SCISSORS,
BEADS, COMBS,
And a great variety of other goods, too numerous to
mention. For particulars

CALL AND EXAMINE,
and you cannot fail to find something to suit your
taste.
REPAIRING.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry cleaned and repaired.
May 27, 1845.

"BE YE CLOTHED."

PETER E. FROST,

Fashionable Tailor,

Norway Village.

TAKE this method to return his knowledge
to his friends and customers for their in-
terest patronage heretofore, and to inform them
and the public generally, that he still may be found at
his old Stand, over the Store of A. C. DENISON,
where he is ready to attend to all their wants in the
CLOTHING LINE, in a manner and on terms that
cannot fail to be satisfactory. He employs experi-
enced help, and WARRANTS all work done in his es-
tablishment to be finished in the best style and at
short notice.

He has just received from Boston and N. York the
Spring and Summer Fashions,
and will "fit up" any kind of garment that the
taste of his customers may require.
A good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres,
Dressings, Satins, Vestings, and a great variety of
Cloths and Tissues, of good quality and
afforded at the lowest price, constantly on hand.
Customers do to order at short notice.
May 13, 1845.

if 2

ISAIAH KNIGHT,

DEALER IN

Stoves, and Manufacturer of Tin,

Copper and Sheet Iron Ware,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF STOVES,
FURNACE, and WARE, of the most perfect
kind, and WARRANTED, constantly kept on
hand, which will be sold as low as can be purchased
elsewhere.

These patterns of Stove not on hand when call-
ed for will be obtained by first team, if desired.
April 11, 1845.

if 40

PINE AND SPRUCE

CLAPBOARDS!

PINE, SPRUCE, AND CEDAR

SHINGLES!

OF all qualities are now being received, by
the subscriber, Agent for manufacturers, who
is authorized to sell the same on the most reason-
able terms; and he invites those in want to call and
examine the same for themselves.
WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, June 20, 1845.

if 8

Woolen Cloths!!

THE SOUTH PARIS MANUFACTURING CO.

take pleasure in informing their customers
that they have on hand a large stock of
WOOLEN CLOTHS,

which they have intended should be unsurpassed in
durability, or style, by any of their previous man-
ufacture, and which they will exchange for WOOL
on the most favorable terms.
All Cloths sold WARRANTED SERVICEABLE, as
those known to be defective will not be offered.
The Goods sent to the Store at prices to corres-
pond with the TIMES, and WOOL taken in pay-
ment, if desired.
WM. DEERING, AGENT.

South Paris, June, 1845.

if 6

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale on rea-
sonable terms the farm formerly own-
ed by the heirs of Benjamin Frost, sit-
uated on the road from the village and one
mile from the village and one mile from the
city of Portland, containing about 125 acres, well
divided into Woodland, Tillage and pasture, and
is one of the best farms in Cumberland County.
The farm is well watered, has a good orchard, and
the buildings are convenient and in good repair.
—which is a pleasant neighborhood—
within one mile and in full view of the sea, ren-
dering it a desirable residence for any who may
wish to give their children the advantage of one of
the best schools in the state. The terms of pay-
ment will be made to suit the purchaser.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber,
or of
PRINCE R. FROST, Norway,
Or of SIMON J. RICE, Portland, or
DANIEL C. LIBBY of Gorham.

May 24, 1845.

if 4

INVALUABLE

FAMILY COMPANION.

SIX Lectures on Causes, Prevention and
Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Diseases of the
Heart, and all Chronic Diseases. 224 pages, 25 cts.
gravings, 75 cts. bound 75 cts. Mail to any part—
postage 5 cts.

Shoulder Braces and Chest Expanders, \$2. Mail to
any part, 50 cts. postage. Including Tubes, Silver,
\$3, by mail, letter postage. Additional Supporters,
perfect, \$5 to \$10 for all Ruptures, Falling of the
Bovels and Wound, and all other diseases of the
Bovels everywhere. For Braces or Supporters,
or Rupture Supporters, give height from head to foot,
and circumference of person, and others wishing to
purchase, as well as the price of the goods, will be
sent by mail. Agents wanted for the sale of the above goods.
Address Dr. S. S. FLETCHER,
707 Broadway, New York, post paid.
Feb. 28, 1845.

if 37

Food for the Silk Worm.

MORRIS MULTICALIS, or the Mulber-
ry Tree, for sale—the tree or slips—
Now is the time to propagate this valuable tree.
The kind here recommended is seed and frosty
winter well as the apple tree. Sells \$75 per
hundred. Orders promptly attended to. Apply at
this Office.—April 14, 1845.

Notice to Farmers.

THE FRENCH LION
will stand for the use
of Mares the ensuing season,
at the Stable of the sub-
scriber, Norway Village.
Farmers and others wishing
to raise good horses, are in-
vited to examine this Horse.

A. C. DENISON.

Norway, May 15, 1845.

New Spring Goods!!

—AND—

A. C. DENISON

IS now receiving his SPRING STOCK OF
GOODS, all of which will be sold at extremely
low prices.
Norway April 26, 1845.

if 63

SCHOOL BOOKS.

GRAMMARS, Geographies, Arithmetic,
HISTORY, and all other books common-
ly used in Schools, for sale by
Paris Hill, Dec. 27, 1845.

if 31

BLANK.

A Prime Assortment of Blanks, printed
on good paper, kept constantly for sale at the
Bookstore of
Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1845.

if 15

SPECTACLES

A Good Assortment of Spectacles for
persons of all ages may be found at the
Store of the subscriber. Call and see.
Paris Hill, March 22, 1847.

if 146

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,

FOR OXFORD COUNTY.

Residence, MECHANIC FALLS, Cumberland Co.
All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly
attended to.—Feb. 16, 1845.

if 41

Iron Foundry.

THE NEW IRON FOUNDRY and STOVE
Works, at STEEP FALLS, is completed and
in operation, ready to execute orders for any kind of
cast iron or job work.

The proprietors are determined to make this estab-
lishment worthy the support of the public. They
have spared no expense in the construction and ar-
rangement of their works; and having secured the
services of experienced and skillful workmen, and
supplied them with the best of materials, will warrant
their work and prices to be equal to anything of the
kind made elsewhere.

They are now manufacturing Stoves, Children
Kettles, Ovens, Ash and Boiler Mouths, Cast and
Wagon Boxes, Door Serraps, Grind Stone Cranks,
with friction rollers, &c., &c. But as the cold sea-
son is approaching, they will, for the present, devote
their works principally to the manufacture of

STOVES,

and would call the attention of purchasers particu-
larly to the extensive and excellent variety of pat-
terns they have already on hand. Among them are
Five sizes of 4 Boiler Premium Cooking Stoves, Nos. 1,
2, 3, 4 and 5, with holes from 7 to 10 inches
diameter.
Four sizes of 6 Boiler (or Ration) Do. Nos. 2, 3,
4 and 5, with holes from 8 to 15 inches diameter.
Two sizes of 8 Boiler (or Ration) Do. Nos. 1 and 2,
with holes from 8 to 15 inches diameter.
Two sizes of 8 Boiler (or Ration) Do. Nos. 1 and 2,
with holes from 8 to 15 inches diameter.
Three sizes of Six Plates.
These are modern patterns—got up in good style,
and sufficiently heavy to be durable.
In addition to the above, they have purchased a
set of patterns, and the exclusive right of manufactur-
ing and selling in this region, of that newly inven-
ted and Patented Hot Air Stove, called the

Mechanivale Air Tight,

which for beauty and simplicity of appearance, con-
venience in the arrangements, and economy of fuel
—both for summer and winter, it must be conceded
is the best Stove out.

They have also, nearly in a state of readiness for
use, patterns for an Elegant Cast Iron Parlor Stove,
which will eclipse anything else in the market.
These Stoves are being made from No. 1 Scotch
Pig Iron, and will not be liable to crack or give out.
But as certain plates of all Stoves fall before the rest,
the fact that they will crack at any time has procured
and what would otherwise be a useless Stove, at a
small expense made as good as new—is a consideration
that must give the most manufactured article
(other things being equal) a decided preference over
those manufactured at a distance.

All kinds of Sheet Iron, Tin and Copper Ware fur-
nished as above at the shortest notice; and the whole
at prices that shall be satisfactory to purchasers.
Steep Falls, Sept. 16, 1847.

if 20

BROWN & CO.

SMITH'S PATENT

Trojan Pioneer Stove,

MANUFACTURED BY

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.,

15 2 doors North of the Post Office, Augusta.

ALTHOUGH completely adapted for burn-
ing Wood, yet with Coal for all Cooking and
Heating purposes, it is for purposes any other Cooking
Apparatus that can be produced. It is surprising to
find that the large amount of cooking of the various kinds
that is done (in the most perfect manner,) with the
small amount of fuel that it requires.

The oven in this Stove is extremely large, being of
sufficient capacity to admit six large sized pies, or
six large loaves of bread, or even the largest pud-
ing or loaf cake in use, at the same time. In addi-
tion to the advantages of this Stove, it is adapted for
boiling, baking, washing, frying, broiling, &c., &c.,
it is acknowledged by all who have used it, to
be the

Best Arrangement for Broiling & Roasting

that has ever been in use; the steam, from cooking,
being carried off effectually.
The parts of this Stove can in one moment's time
be so disconnected as to make Two Perfect Stoves,
—which will cook the meat in the warm season of the
year, in cold weather, these may be connected.
When it is necessary for a fire in the front part
of the Stove, it will operate the whole, and perform
every kind of cooking with less fuel than can be
done in any other manner. Another improvement is
a Sliding Damper on the top of the Stove, by which
the heat is so completely regulated that the fire can
be kept over night, and so made of it a complete

Air-Tight Stove.

This Stove has many advantages that no other
Stove ever yet had. The Ovens are at hand with
only one in use which will take fuel with hand coal,
and most of the Stoves are so constructed that
the Ovens will not take fuel with coal. There
is another great advantage in the construction of this
Stove, in first applying the heat to the bottom of the
oven, which causes the bread, rice, and all other
things, to cook more evenly than can be done in any
other Stove. In cold weather, these may be connected.
When it is necessary for a fire in the front part
of the Stove, it will operate the whole, and perform
every kind of cooking with less fuel than can be
done in any other manner. Another improvement is
a Sliding Damper on the top of the Stove, by which
the heat is so completely regulated that the fire can
be kept over night, and so made of it a complete

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